WATCHING AND HATCHING.

BY EDWARD WARREN.

Nancy Brown, a rural maiden,
One pleasant morn, with produce laden,
Went gayly tripping across the fields to town.
Farmer Green's son Ben was missing,
And without his parent's blessing,
But he's meadow-larking with Miss Nancy Brown.

In the woodland, by the heather,
Sure enough they met together,
'Neath the shades of spreading branches talk of love.
Eggs and butter are neglected,
Naturally to be expected;
But ne'er did sun and shadows cease to move.

Beat the sun's rays hotter, hotter
Ran away the golden butter,
Still the twain talked of the joyous future day.
E'en while Cupid hearts was matching;
Nancy's eggs began a hatching
Shocking to relate, they ran away.

Now beneath those spreading branches
Stands a cot where love entrances,
All within are happy, happy as the day.
Life is melting like the butter,
Blessings hatching without number;
Unlike produce they do not run away.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

BY FRANK J. MARTIN.

On a bright autumnal afternoon in the year 1849, three well-to-do farmers were sitting on the veranda of the ancient and unique Grand Hotel, in the village of Lowndale, Vt.

The discovery of gold in California was the all-absorbing topic of the time. The excitement became so general that it even reached sleepy Lowndale. Our three friends were talking the matter over, and had just fallen into a dreamy state through the influence of the hot sun and their recent energetic argument as to the best overland route to the gold-fields.

They had given themselves up to the most fanciful midsummer day dreams for upward of an hour before they were disturbed by the approach of a horseman. He came from the north, rode his sorrel mare with grace, and was well known in the village. The three farmers raised their heads mechanically, and looked up the road toward the advancing horseman.

"John Signer!" they exclaimed, with as little energy as possible, and then fell back into their old positions, after routing sundry dogs and cats that congregated about their feet for the sole purpose of being as lazy and indifferent to the things of the world as their masters.

John Signer was the horseman, and was too well known in Lowndale to excite even the passing interest of any of the villagers. He resided with his twin brother Albert, about two miles north of the village. He was noted as a daring rider and a dead shot. He was just the friend to have when in need, and the worst enemy you would wish to meet in a tight place.

Albert, his brother, was as much like him in disposition, features, and manners as could be possible for a twin brother to be. They looked alike, walked alike, and were in love with the same girl—Edna Middway.

While dressing and looking alike was conducive to harmony, loving the same girl was a different thing altogether. Neither one had ever spoken to the other about the affair, yet each one was perfectly aware of the movements and desires of the other.

Edna Middway, the object of their love, was a charming little country maiden of eighteen summers. She liked John real well, and thought a great deal of Albert. To her they were alike; both talked charmingly; both were handsome men, and both were wealthy. What more could a young lady want? The truth of the matter, as it stood then, was she was in love with both, but not deeply enough to be able to distinguish one love from another.

Edna had received a college education, and, besides owning considerable land, she was the only heir of a rich old aunt with whom she resided. Both Edna and her aunt were well aware of the feeling that existed between the brothers, and both were in a quandary as to what to do in the pending crisis. Edna, not being able to make up her mind, let matters drift along in the same old way, and at the same time kept the flame of love burning in the breasts of the brothers.

On this particular bright day in October, 1849, Edna was seated in the orchard under the branches of a huge pear tree. In her lap was a work-basket, the contents of which she was busily engaged in mending, while at her feet sat Albert, reading glowing accounts of California life from a Boston paper.

Edna did not pay very strict attention to Albert or his reading, until he got up, stretched himself, and said:

"Edna, I would like to go out there and try my luck, but——"

"But what?" asked Edna innocently enough.

"But"— here Albert heard the clatter of horses' feet, but after assuring himself that no one was looking he bent over her until his face almost touched hers and continued: "But I would prefer to remain *here*, love you and be loved in return."

"Oh, Albert! How foolish you are! What would John say to this?"

"John! John! What do I care for John?" whispered Albert, at the same time growing deathly pale. "Yes, Edna, I *love* you. Will you be mine? Answer, Edna!"

Albert looked pleadingly into her large hazel eyes. Edna remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments, but when she was about to reply they were both startled by a long, loud whistle—a whistle they both knew to be John's. They both jumped to their feet, and there, sure enough, was John leaning up against a fence not ten yards distant.

John looked at both in silence for a few seconds, then turned, mounted his horse, and rode away. No sooner had he turned out of the lane than Albert made a hasty departure, telling Edna that he would return the next day to hear her answer. What occurred or what words passed between the brothers that night was a mystery for a long time. On the following morning, however, John Signer turned up among the missing.

The village was thoroughly agitated over the affair. Albert could in no way account for the strange disappearance of his brother. No one had seen him on the previous evening, and apparently there was no cause for his strange conduct. But, after all, in three months' time the affair was forgotten. There was one person who did not forget John so easily, and that was Edna.

Three years rolled away and found Albert still in Lowndale, and still courting Edna; but in spite of all his passionate appeals she still refused to become his wife. She had at last learned which one of the brothers she loved, and it was John. True, John was away, where she could not tell, yet she consoled herself with the idea that he would return some day.

Albert prospered so well that it became necessary for him to erect new and more substantial barns and storehouses on his farm. Accordingly he hired a dozen men, and set about demolishing the old ones. When the workmen came to tear up the flooring of a certain barn, they were horrified to find the complete skeleton of a man lying under it.

Once more the village was wrought into fever heat over the strange case. Suppositions framed themselves into convictions, and the outcome of the whole affair was that Albert was arrested, placed in jail, and charged with the murder of his brother John.

At the preliminary examination he was bound over to the higher court under the charge of murder in the first degree.

Albert stoutly protested his innocence, but the fact that he could give no satisfactory account of what had happened on the fatal night weighed heavily against him.

During his confinement in jail he was visited daily by Edna, who ministered to his wants and cheered him up to pass through the ordeal like a man.

The day of the trial came, and the villagers turned out *en masse* to witness the proceedings. The case had become a celebrated one throughout the country. Witnesses were introduced to show that the brothers quarreled frequently. The three sleepy farmers who were sitting on the veranda that afternoon in October, 1849, testified that John had used some little "cuss words" when he returned that afternoon from the south and stopped to water his horse.

With tears in her eyes Edna told of all that happened on that particular afternoon, and even went so far as to tell all Albert had told her about "love."

Albert's defense was entire innocence. He retailed how John had entered the house that night about eight o'clock, and had asked him if he had asked Edna to be his wife. He testified that he told John that he had, whereupon John took his hand, pressed it tightly, and left the house without saying another word. That was all that Albert could say.

To all present this was a very improbable story.

The prosecuting attorney in his argument introduced the skeleton and demonstrated the fact that it was none other than than that of John Signer. Albert's attorney made a short but forcible plea; the Judge made his usual charge to the jury; and the twelve men, "tried and true," retired to an ante-room.

Wise heads said that the jury would not be out very long, so the crowd remained in the court-room. Albert was transferred back to the jail. The jury was out just three hours.

During this time a stranger entered the room and edged his way up to where Albert's attorney sat. He wore a fine overcoat and a large slouch hat, while his white beard and long, wavy hair, white as snow, contrasted with the dark clothing he wore. He whispered a few words to the attorney, and then seated himself beside Edna, hanging his head so low that even she could not see his face.

At last the word was whispered from mouth to mouth that the jury had agreed. Edna grew pale and nervous; the attorneys moved to and fro; the crowd stretched its neck a little farther; the Judge resumed his seat; Albert was brought back into court; the jury filed in; the crowd grew excited; the stranger with gray hair and beard remained motionless.

Everything was in readiness for the jury to render its verdict when the stranger whispered a few words to the attorney. That gentleman sprang to his feet, looked at the stranger, and then addressed the Judge, asking that the proceedings be delayed and that a gentleman present be allowed to say one word. Everyone strained his or her eyes to see who the gentleman was.

The stranger arose, bowed to the Judge, looked at the jury in a defiant way, and then toward Albert. As he turned he gave his beard a little jerk and it fell as if by magic.

Their eyes met.

"John!" "Albert!" they both exclaimed and rushed into each other's arms.

The Judge grew interested, the jury held another consultation, while the villagers went wild with delight; for sure enough it was John himself, only he had improved a great deal.

After the excitement had abated somewhat, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Then the Judge, jury, attorneys, and friends demanded an explanation from John.

Mounting a chair, and with a voice full of emotion, he said:

"Friends, you are all aware of the supposed difficulty between my brother and I. Well, I thought that this was no place for me, so I left that night and went direct to California. There I remained until three weeks ago, making 'heaps of money,' as they say. Three days ago I heard, for the first time, that my brother was charged with my murder. I was in New York at the time, but got here as quickly as I could. As to the skeleton found under the barn, it was mine. It was given me by an old friend, and, not knowing what to do with it, I buried it under the barn."

The crowd gave three lusty cheers, and the twin brothers left the room arm in arm.

A few evenings later John was sitting in the cozy little parlor, in Edna's house, while that fair creature sat close by. After relating many questionable stories about California, he grew serious.

"Tell me," said he, "what came between you and Albert, and why you did not marry him?"

"John, don't you know why?"

"No, I do not."

"Can't you guess a little?"

"Well, it was not on my account, was it?"

"How do you know?"

"May I hope it was?"

"Yes; I guess you can, if you want to."

"Well, Edna, I'll not run away this time, like a sheep, and get my twin brother into trouble."

Ghastly Towers of Silence.

When the hour of death is at hand the dying Parsee is carried down to the cellar, or the lowest room in the house—with what not on I failed to learn. Afterward the body is borne to a great burial tower, there to be exposed to the great winds of heaven, the burning sun, the beating rain, and all the host of foul carrion birds. Some rich families have a private tower of their own—a sort of family mausoleum. The public burial towers, of which there are five, stand on Malabar Hill, in a garden of flowering shrubs overlooking the sea. Here, amid fragrant bowers of roses and jessamines, stand these towers of silence, as they are called—ghastly receptacles for the dead. They are about thirty feet high and sixty feet wide. On the top of each is an open grating on which the bodies are laid in three circles—children in the center, then the women, and men at the outer edge. Innumerable birds of prey are forever hovering, with their sharp hungry cries, round these towers, or sitting perched on them, solemnly waiting for the grateful feast that is never long delayed—a feast which daily averages three Parsees, besides women and children, for it is estimated that each day three of these prosperous, intelligent, well-to-do looking merchants find their last resting-place in the voracious maws of these ravenous birds. And when the birds have done their part, and wind and sun and rain have all combined to whiten the skeleton to a thing like polished ivory, gradually the bones separate and fall through the open grating into a well below the tower, whence, it is said, they are taken by a subterranean passage and cast into the sea, and so the space is left clear for the next comers.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TO THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

BY LARRY LINNET.

Study hard and study long,
Study well, my son;
While you're healthy, young, and strong,
Life is but begun.

Study Latin, study Greek,
French and German, too;
Learn to write and how to speak,
As good boys should do.

Give mathematics earnest thought,
Gather legal lore:
Study everything that's taught—
Yea, and study more!

Then prepare to choose a sphere
After all your pains,
And perhaps you'll find it here—
Out upon the plains.

Be a cowboy, gaudy, grand,
Punching noble steers,
Sweeping o'er the prairie land,
Mocking mortal fears;

Or, to use your learned pate,
Here's another plan:
Run a toboggan slide—or wait—
Be a base-ball man!

THE LITTLE TRAMP.

BY TOM TEASALL.

I.

Several years ago, while employed as local editor of a Western rural newspaper, I was taking my customary afternoon ramble about town one day when I heard one of a group of boys in a loud voice ask an approaching lad:

"Where'd you sleep last night, Bud?"

I stopped and turned to see who this "bud" was that had been asked such a singular question. He was a spare boy, apparently not over nine years old, and his pinched features gave evidence of want. His feet were bare, and a hat several sizes too large covered his head to his ears. His clothes were common, but neat. He passed the crowd of boys, and with a step that indicated energy and activity came toward me.

"Mister, do you know anybody that wants to hire a boy?" he asked, in a pure childish voice, and the honest blue eyes looked at me hopefully for an answer.

I knew of no one wanting to hire a boy, especially one so small. My interrogator had evidently undergone severe privations, and was doubtless greatly in need of assistance.

"What kind of work," I inquired, "can you do?"

"Oh, sir, most any kind," he replied. "I can build fires and sweep and run errands and saw wood, but the last work I had was on a farm, and there I dropped corn and pulled weeds and watered and fed the stock, but I took the chills, and Mr. Thompson told me that he wouldn't need me any longer, and he gived me two dollars and told me I'd have to go somewhere else."

"And how long now have you been without work?"

"Almost six weeks."

"And do you mean to say that you have lived on two dollars all this time?"

"No, sir. I got so cold o' nights that I'd almost freeze, and so I took one dollar and seventy-five cents and bought this coat"—and he looked down at the coat fondly. "I spent the rest of my money for something to eat when I got hungry," he added.

The honest manner of the boy convinced me that he was telling the truth, and, inquisitiveness being a part of business, I began questioning him.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"I haven't got any," he replied.

"Is your father or mother alive?"

"No, sir; they've both been dead a long time. When they died a man come and took my little brother and sister away, and I don't know where they went. Mr. Campbell said he'd take care o' me, but I wanted to be with my brother and sister, and I run away and went the way I saw the man go, but I got lost and couldn't find them, and I just kept on goin'," and here the little strange tramp broke out into deep sobs.

"Mister, if you know anybody that wants to hire a boy, please tell me," he said imploringly after a moment's silence, "'cause I'm so hungry."

I took the boy to a restaurant near at hand and directed the waiter to give him whatever he wanted. In the conversation in the meantime I learned that he had been tramping from place to place since the death of his parents, working at whatever he could get to do for a living, often going for days with scarcely anything to eat, and frequently sleeping out-doors at night. However, in all his tramps he had never been in a city, and he seemed to think he was the only homeless boy in the world. He knew nothing about bootblacks and newsboys. When asked why he did not go to the Orphans' Home, he inquired with wonder if there was such a place, and his eyes beamed with delight at the thought of there being a home for him.

"Oh, I'd do anything for a home!" he exclaimed. "Boys don't know what it is to have good homes and good parents to take care of 'em and send 'em to school."

"Did you ever go to school?" I asked.

"No."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir. My mother and Sunday-school teacher learned me to read, and I never forgot how. I read old papers whenever I can get them."

"Can you write, also?"

"Yes, sir; and just let me write something for you to show you."

I handed him my note-book and pencil.

"What do you want me to write?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "write your name."

He slowly and carefully scrawled his name on a page of the note-book, and with a sort of triumphant smile handed it to me, remarking:

"Can you beat that?"

The awkward, irregular letters, running across the page as though each was afraid of getting too near the other, formed the autograph of "youres truli thomas D. browne."

As I had considerable work to do, I told Tom that I would now have to go, but requested him to come to the *Journal* office at five o'clock, and he would find me there.

"Are you the man that makes newspapers?" he asked.

I explained to him that I helped to make one of the many purporting to be such.

"How much would it cost for me to learn that business? I'd like to be a newspaper man, and then I'd get to read lots," he remarked.

"Proprietors of newspapers are always anxious to get good, intelligent boys, and they generally pay them sufficient to live on while learning printing, but you are most too small to be a 'printer's devil' now, Tom."

"Well, how old will I have to be 'fore I'll be 'lowed to learn?"

"Your age is not as important as your qualifications. To learn printing properly one should have a good English education, and be quick to think and act."

"Yes, but couldn't I do like a great man that I once read about in a Sunday-school paper. He commenced to learn the printin' trade when he was a little boy, and didn't know much, but he studied hard and got to be a great man."

"Yes, it is true that many boys get their education by diligent study after entering the printing office, and some of our greatest men were once printer boys. Maybe you could, too, but you would find it very hard, Tom."

"I'm used to hard things," he remarked, rather dryly, as I started to leave him.

The paper on which I was at that time employed was not in need of an apprentice, and the son of a politician had been promised a situation as soon as a vacancy was made, so there was no prospect for Tom Browne, the homeless and friendless little wanderer, getting a place in that printing office. Although I had talked in a manner likely to discourage him, for the purpose of testing the strength of his desire to become a printer, I believed he would make a very satisfactory apprentice, and that the printing office would be the best means for the improvement of the boy mentally. While his education was very limited, it was no poorer than other boys whom I had known to become good printers, and some editors and publishers. The printing office, according to contemporary biography, has been the school-room of many of our prominent men of public life, and it is appropriately called by some the "American Boy's College." It has an educating influence upon the boys which is to be found in no other place, and I became convinced that Tom ought to be placed in a printing office, but I saw no way of getting him there.

My afternoon's work consisted of writing an account of the startling developments growing out of an investigation of the records of several county officials, and I had about exhausted my notes when the "devil" of the office came in and announced:

"There's a little barefooted feller out in the hall that wants to see you."

The "little barefooted feller" was Tom, and he came toward me looking happy.

"I had good luck to-day, and I can give you this much now for what you done for me to-day;" and as he said this he laid twenty-five cents on the table before me—half of his earnings. I remarked that he owed me nothing, and protested against taking it; but as he looked displeased I said nothing further, and put the money in my pocket.

"Well, I'm goin' to leave to-morrow," Tom remarked after a short silence. "You've been a mighty good friend to me to-day, and it makes me feel kinder bad to think about not seein' you again; but then I must go. It's gettin' to be cold weather, and I want to find a steady job if I can 'fore winter comes on. I'm goin' to start early in the mornin', and I guess I won't see you again 'fore I leave."

The boy's words made me feel badly, too, and I made no reply. After looking at me in silence for a moment or two, he said:

"Some day I'm goin' to be a newspaper man, too."

"What direction do you intend to go, Tom?" I asked.

"I'm goin' to take the P. road," he replied.

I had a warm friend who was proprietor of a newspaper in P., and I remembered having heard him complain one day, in the course of a conversation, that it had been his misfortune to always get bad apprentices. Requesting Tom to wait a few moments, as I had a message to send by him, I wrote a letter to Edmonson, recommending Thomas D. Browne as the boy I thought he had long been hunting for; that, although he was quite small, and perhaps illiterate, he was quick of movement, was anxious to learn, and I believed would be satisfactory; that at least he was worthy a trial. I handed the letter to Tom, and requested him to deliver it to C. E. Edmonson when he reached P. We then went to a boarding-house near by, and I directed the landlord to give Tom meals and lodging. As the lad would receive no money from me, I also gave the landlord a dollar, which was to be given Tom before he left town. I did not have courage to bid the boy "good-by," and without saying a word to him I hurriedly started to leave, but he caught me by the hand, and, his eyes glistening with tears, he looked up at me sorrowfully as he said:

"Good-by, good friend!"

I muttered some reply and hurried away. That was the last time I saw Tom Browne, the little wanderer, but two weeks afterward I received a letter from Edmonson, and a note from Tom was inclosed, which read as follows:

"dear friend i got hear All Right and i Am working in mr. edmunsons printing offis i like it veri well and i thanke yu for riting that letter i hope i will sea yu sum da

youres truli
"thomas D. browne."

II.

Several weeks afterwards my connection with the *Journal* came to an end, and I went West with the innumerable caravan of fortune seekers. For several years I wandered through Mexico and the Southern and Western States. Fifteen years passed by. An exciting political campaign was in progress, and I was ordered to accompany General S. in his canvass of a Western State for the purpose of reporting his "grand ovations and masterly efforts." At most places there we recommittees whose special duty it was to provide for the comfort and pleasure of the representatives of the press, and these committees, without exception, seemed to regard it as necessary that every member of the local press, from the item-catcher to the editor-in-chief, should go through the ceremonies of an itroduction.

A large assemblage greeted our party at a small city in the interior of the State, and a long procession, headed by our barouche, as usual, passed through the principal streets. As we were passing a row of fine business houses my attention was directed by a gentleman at my side to an attractive building which, he stated, was the publishing house of the *Times*, a prosperous journal of great influence in that section, and that the editor, though a young man, had manifested remarkable ability. As the procession proceeded other evidences of the little city's thrift were pointed out. When we arrived at the wigwam a large crowd had assembled. General S. spoke for over two hours and was followed by two or three local politicians, who made short speeches. When the meeting adjourned we had just thirty minutes left in which to reach the train, and as we were about to start one of the Committee on Entertainment beckoned me aside and introduced "Mr. Browne, editor of the *Times*," a fine-looking young man of pleasing address.

As the fraternal grip was passed he remarked, "We have met before."

Where and when I had met this Mr. Browne I could not recall to mind. Observing my confusion, he continued:

"I see you don't recognize me now, but doubtless you remember meeting, about fifteen years ago, in T., a half-starved and homeless lad named Tom Browne."

THE Plantagenet line of English kings began with Henry II. and ended with Richard II., occupying the throne of England for nearly two and a half centuries—that is, from 1154 to 1399.

A GLASGOW yacht, destined for pearl fishing in South Australian waters, has been fitted with electrical apparatus expected to light up the water to the great depth of seventeen fathoms.

"AH, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling answer.

Stories by Dead Authors.

The revival of the question as to the authorship of Hugh Conway's novels, and the production of evidence by his executors that the last story of all, "Living or Dead," was completed eighteen months before his death recalls to me another case in which the same question could not be so satisfactorily answered. Some time ago I received a letter from a firm of lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, who occupy the house next door to that which Dickens describes as the residence of "Mr. Tulkinghorn." ("It is let off in sets of chambers now, and in the fragments of its greatness lawyers lie like maggots in nuts.") They said that they had been referred to me by a London publisher, and that their object in writing was to inquire if they could not obtain through me some redress for a client who was the victim of a great injustice. This client, a lady, was the author of a large number of very popular stories, to which she was constantly adding through the columns of some such paper as the *Family Herald;* and as fast as they appeared there they were stolen by a similar story paper in New York. The injustice did not end here, for, while they were issued anonymously in London, the pirates in New York attributed them to Bertha M. Clay, a fictitious name which they had invented and used without the sanction or knowledge of the victimized author.

Now could I, they inquired, suggest any means by which the lady, who was an invalid, with a large family dependent upon her, could induce the pirates to surrender some of their spoils? She did not want "back pay," but hoped that some arrangement could be made by which she might profit by future works. In proof of the value at which her work was held, the lawyers inclosed a column advertisment from the *Tribune*, setting forth as an extraordinary attraction the opening of a new serial by the "Bertha M. Clay" aforesaid. I at once communicated with the guilty publishers in New York, and to my surprise a member of the firm, "the mildest mannered man," etc., immediately came to Boston to see me on the subject. He admitted that they had invented a name for the author because they had deemed it advisable to have the stories attributed to some person, if only the shadow of a *nom de plume;* but they had always paid for the stories in a most handsome manner. Whom had they paid? Why, the publisher of the paper in which the stories appeared in London. I was amazed at the sums mentioned, which were four or five times as great for these very sensational stories as they would have been for genuine literary work; but we all know too well that blood and thunder are still more marketable than any other commodities that may be purchased in Grub street. Some further correspondence showed that the remittances from New York had been quietly pocketed by the London publisher, who pleaded as a justification that he paid the author a fixed sum per annum, practically a salary, for the exclusive control of her work, and he considered that this included the American as well as the English market. The arrangement was profitable to him certainly, for the amounts he received from America were larger than her salary, and thus he had the use of her stories in his own paper for nothing.

I succeeded in establishing a direct relationship between her and the New York firm, but it had scarcely been effected when she died. The similarity between this case and "Hugh Conway's" is that though her death occurred nearly three years ago, new stories by "Bertha M. Clay" are constantly appearing; and as I know she left no completed work behind her, I wonder who it is that "still carries on the business."—*New York Critic.*

Odd Antics of Birds.

A relative of mine had a large marsh upon his estate, and here the great cranes made their summer home, building their curious nests there and rearing their young, says Prof. Holder in the San Francisco *Call*. The marsh was surrounded by high grass, and it was his practice to creep through and watch the birds unobserved. The antics they went through it would be impossible to describe—now they would caper along in pairs, stepping daintily with the mincing gait of the ideal exquisite, lifting their feathers or wings, taking short steps, and gradually working themselves up to a bird frenzy of excitement, when they would leap into the air and over each other's backs, taking short runs this way and that, all for the edification of the females standing by, and finally, after a series of these exhibitions, the different birds selected their mates. Among the birds of the western hemisphere the cock of the rock ranks next to the crane in the strangeness of its evolutions. The bird is confined to South America, and is about the size of a small pigeon, has a bright orange web in the male, with a plume-like arrangement upon the head. It is a proud bird, principally building its nest in rocky places not visited by man. At the commencement of the breeding season, a party of birds, numbering from ten to twenty, assemble, and selecting a clear space among the rocks, form a ring or circle, facing inward. Now a small bird takes its place in the center, and begins to hop about, toss its head, lift its wings, and go through all the strange movements possible, that appear to be watched with great interest by all the rest. When the performer is thoroughly exhausted he retires to the circle and another bird enters the ring, and so on, until all have been put through their paces, when the pairs probably make their selection. Often the birds are so exhausted after the dances that they can hardly fly, lying panting on the rocks.

Near the borders of Southern California is found a bird, called the sunate, that has a strange courtship. It is about the size of a magpie. During the mating season four or five birds collect together and seem to vie with each other in the extravagance of their posturing—wooing now in rows, now single, in a regular dance, and, by way of music, uttering loud, discordant squawks. Their long tails are lifted high in the air during this performance, and their entire behavior is remarkable in the extreme.

HUMOR.

"WHAT is the best way to manage a man?" asks a female correspondent. Marry him.

LIFE is full of compensations. The man who has only one leg needs but one shoe at a time.

A FASHION journal says there is a knack in putting on gloves. Come to think of it, that is so. You have to get your hand in, as it were.

THE WISE MAN.
He'll of few failures have to tell
When years have flown,
Who always knew when to let well
Enough alone.
—*Boston Courier.*

ONE of our lady correspondents, who has just begun housekeeping, wishes us to inform her whether or not minced ham comes from ground hog.—*New Haven News.*

"WELL, but if you can't bear her, whatever made you propose?" "Well, we had danced three dances, and I couldn't think of anything else to say."—*London Punch.*

"THE ballet is a snare and a pitfall," says a Chicago clergyman. Well, he isn't the first minister who has had reason to be disgusted over the sawdust game.—*Boston Courier.*

OUT in a Dakota town they pulled the boots off a man before burying him, and the local paper came out in a severe article denouncing "extravagance at funerals.—*Texas Siftings.*

CONDUCTOR—Here, my good fellow, don't you know that if you pull that strap in the middle you will ring both bells? Mike—Faith, an' Oi know that as well as yerself. But it is both inds ov the car Oi want to stop.

GENTLEMAN—I am sorry, Uncle Rastus, that I can't do anything for you this morning, but charity, you know, begins at home. Uncle Rastus—All right, Mister Smif; all right, sah. I'll call around at yo' house 'bout seben dis ebenin', sah.

MOTHER—Johnnie, brush the dust off your boots. Johnnie—Is that the kind of dust papa was talking to governess about? Mother—What did he say? Johnnie—He said: "Dost thou love me, Agnes?" Mother—No, it was not, Johnnie; but Agnes will dust out of here to-morrow morning.—*Boston Globe.*

TRAMP—Would you kindly give a poor, down-hearted man a little something to drive dull care away? Bartender—It is something I'm not in the habit of doing, but in this case—— T.—Ah, blessings on you! B.—In this case I'm disposed to be generous. If you want something to drive dull care away, just help yourself to a caraway seed.—*Chicago Ledger.*

JOHN BULL—Say, Brother Jonathan, things look rather squally on this side. Got any cannon you want to sell? Brother Jonathan—Ho, ho! Had to come to me after all, did you? Yes, I've got a fine old stock, but some of the carriages need fixing. "We don't want the carriages." "How under the canopy do you expect to use the guns, then?" "We want them for touch-holes?"—*Omaha World.*

HIS DEADLY TASK.

O, workman of the brawny arm,
And the bronzed brow; oh, say!
Out of the hissing and smitten steel
What dost thou make to-day?
Dost thou use thine art in this time of peace
To fashion the thirsty sword
That shall cleave its course, without remorse,
In the battle-wrath abhorred?
Or dost thou forge, with force or fire,
The terrible bayonet
That shall gleam at the front and bear the brunt
When the serried hosts have met?
And the gray-haired workman paused in his task,
His heated brow to cool.
He shook his head, and "Alas!" he said,
"I'm making a shoe for a mule."
—*Tid-Bits.*

Protected by High Prices.

Several years ago there was in the book and stationery business at Kalamazoo a gentleman named B——, who has since retired, and whose name is not infrequently seen attached to very creditable pieces of verse and humorous anecdotes which appear in print and are usually widely copied. B—— had a local reputation for asking just a little more for his goods than any of his competitors. There came to the classic shades of Celeryville in those days an ambitious but impecunious youth to sit under the teachings of President Gregory and his band of professors in Kalamazoo College. Intense thirst for literature and an empty pocket were too much for the youth's moral backbone. He was caught one day stealing a book from a Main street store. On account of the disgrace it would bring to the name of education the matter was hushed up, and the young man let off under promise of making full restitution of the purloined volumes. He led the way to his room and pointed out a long row of books which he had acquired through a systematic course of shoplifting. It was a choice collection; he had stolen with rare taste.

The books were taken down, identified by the dealers' marks, and sorted into piles. It was noticed that though every other store in town had been touched for one or more tomes, B——'s stock was not represented in the plunder.

"Now," said a grave professor, turning to the misguided student, "now that it is all over, tell us why you have never stolen any books from Brother B——."

"Well, I'll tell you. Whenever I took down one of Mr. B——'s books and looked at the price it scared me out; I didn't dare to steal so much."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE abolition of slavery in the British colonies was consummated in 1833. Thus were emancipated 800,000 slaves, and £20,000,000 was appropriated for the compensation of their masters.

A NEW absorbent preparation is made from the cocoanut fiber. It is called cofferdam, and will hold like a sponge from twelve to fourteen times its own weight of water.

THE papers recently announced the discovery of a new French plot. Of course it is unnecessary to add that it was not found in a new French play.

THE greatest reformer of the age was the inventor of the bustle, which has re-formed nearly every woman.